



# Journal of Music,

and

## MUSICAL VISITOR.



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### POETRY.

#### Song of the Summer Night.

I go, I go, where the rose-buds peep,  
That are fann'd by my breath to their fragrant sleep;  
Where the lily white in its paleness lies,  
And drinks in light from the violet's eyes.  
I go, I go, where the wild flowers bloom,  
In the valley deep, in the evening's gloom;  
When the sun retires from the crimson west,  
And his last ray falls upon the mountain's breast.  
I go, I go, o'er the desert's waste,  
Where the pilgrim pursues his journey in haste;  
Where the gushing spring is a precious prize,  
As it meets the weary wanderer's eyes.  
I go, I go, where the maiden fair,  
Wreaths the summer flowers in her lovely hair,  
And her brow is fann'd as I wander past,  
And a brighter smile o'er her cheek is cast.  
I go, I go, where the pale moonlight  
Invites the flowers to rest at night;  
And I shake from their leaves the drops of dew  
That have borrowed from heaven their beautiful hue.  
I go, I go, o'er the world abroad,  
For I love the boundless works of God;  
And my song is heard o'er the land and sea,  
And the wild green earth rejoices in me.

In our last number will be found an extract from an article by Miss Brown in prose.

#### MUSIC FROM HEAVEN,

BY MISS AUGUSTA BROWNE.

Thrilling strains of highest pleasure  
Float around the eternal throne,  
Hallelujahs without measure  
To the Father, Spirit, Son.  
Loose my bonds, O! let me fly  
To join the angelic choir on high.  
My spirit yearns without control  
To quit this land of blight and death,  
There thrills such music through my soul,  
As cannot, cannot be of earth;  
But is the echo to that song,  
Bursting from heaven's enraptured throng.  
But hark! celestial symphonies  
Are swelling soft as zephyr's sigh,  
What seraphic forms are these  
Who whisper, 'Come! thy home's on high.'  
Bright angels sent to wait away  
My soul to live in endless day.

It is said of Tullyrand, that if a man were kicking him behind as you were talking to him, you would never know by a change of his countenance.

### Miscellaneous.

#### The Pocket Bible.

Or "His loving kindness changes not."

BY CHARLES A. GOODRICH.

I was standing at the counter of a book-store some years since, when a lady entered, and inquired for pocket Bibles. I knew her well. A few years before she had married a respectable young merchant, who, although possessed of but little, if any capital, had been started in business by a gentleman of wealth, with every prospect of success. He was active, honest and enterprising; and although he married early, and after commencing business for himself—perhaps too early—the lady whom he had selected as his companion, was worthy of his choice. She had more ambition, some of her friends thought, than comported with their circumstances; and although she contrived to repress it, in consideration that her husband's income for the present was small, it was apparent that her spirit was aspiring, and that she was looking forward with some impatience to the time when she would be the mistress of a fine house, with furniture corresponding. A friend of hers, who was married about the same time, had at once entered upon the enjoyment of the object of her ambition, and even had a carriage at her command—Quite possibly Matilda Grant cherished the secret hope that she might one day be able to visit her friend in a similar establishment of her own.

The dispensations of God, however, not unfrequently intervene to thwart our plans, and defeat our hopes of worldly good. He has higher views respecting us than we ourselves entertain—the elevation of our souls, and those of our friends, to a crown of glory in his own blessed mansions—and a preparation therefore is necessary, which requires sorrow here in order to enjoy hereafter. Through much tribulation must we enter into the kingdom of God.

For a few weeks Mr. Grant went on well in business. His purchases were made with judgment, and his goods were credited to those who, he thought, would be able to pay. But, unfortunately and unforeseen, his principal creditors failed, and in a single day Charles Grant was a bankrupt.

At the time of this sad reverse, he was ill of a fever. It was difficult to conceal it from him; but the news had a still more unhappy effect upon him than was anticipated, and from that hour he continued to decline, and in a few weeks he was carried to his long home. It was a grievous blow to his wife, with whom her friends most sincerely sympathized, and to whom they tendered for herself and two children—a son and a daughter, all the kind assistance which their circumstances allowed.

On an investigation of Mr. Grant's affairs, his failure proved even worse than was feared; and although the gentleman who had advanced the capital was quite liberal in the settlement of the concern, the widow and her children had but a few hundred dollars, and for most of that she was chiefly indebted, it was thought, to the generosity of her husband's friend.

This result, added to the loss of a fond and truly estimable man, made the shock more terrible. She felt the calamity keenly, and the more so, as she had no near relatives at hand to console with her, and was ignorant of the divine consolations of religion. But there was mercy in her cup of sorrow. The spirit of God came in to heal that troubled spirit, and to sanctify those trials to her soul. And at length she was enabled to bow in humble submission to the will of God, and apply herself to the support and education of her lovely children, now her solace and delight.

At the time I saw her in the bookstore she was in

pursuit of a pocket Bible for her son, named Charles, after his father. The purchase was soon made. It was a beautiful edition—not expensive, but just such as a fond mother would wish to present to a son whom she loved, and which she hoped would prove a lamp unto his feet. A further circumstance about this Bible I knew in after years. On presenting it she turned the attention of the happy little fellow to a blank page in the beginning, on which, in a beautiful wreath, she had inscribed her own name, and under it "To my son," followed by these appropriate and touching lines:

"A parent's blessing on her son  
Goes with this holy thing;  
The love that would retain the one  
Must to the other cling.  
Remember 'tis no idle toy,  
A mother's gift—Remember boy."

And still little below were printed, in small but beautiful capitals, words which a mother's faith might well appreciate:—"HIS LOVING KINDNESS CHANGES NOT."

At the age of seventeen Charles Grant was a stout, strong, active youth. He was more than ordinary ambitious. But as his ambition had not full scope, he was restless, and I sometimes thought, unhappy. Had his mother, at this critical care of his life, been able to find some employment suited to his active and ambitious genius, it would have been fortunate; but she knew of none; and besides she needed his aid—but what was more than all, she was alone and felt that she could not dispense with his company.

About this time a young sailor, by the name of Thornton, belonging to the neighborhood, arrived home from a voyage. Charles naturally fell in his way, and was delighted with the story of his wonderful adventures. He listened long and intently. His age and circumstances combined to excite in his ambitious bosom the desire of similar exciting scenes. Without designing any special wrong, young Thornton at length proposed to Charles to accompany him on his next voyage, which he should commence in a few weeks. For a time he hesitated, or rather declined—his mother and Alice would never consent, and to leave them by stealth was more than he felt willing to do. Thornton did not urge him as it afterwards appeared, but Charles was himself strongly inclined to go, while the young sailor was quite willing to have a friend and companion so bright and enterprising as Charles Grant. In an evil hour the latter decided to go, and to go without the knowledge of his mother.

On the night appointed for their departure, Charles arose from his bed when all was still, and softly feeling his way to the door, opened it and escaped. It was a beautiful night, and as he proceeded round the corner of the house to get a small bundle of clothes which he had concealed the day before, his heart beat with unusual violence, and for a few moments a faintness came over him at the thought of leaving a mother and sister, the only objects on earth whom he truly loved. He stopped for a moment, as if meditating a better resolution and then proceeded to the gate, which he opened and went out. Here he again paused—turned—looked—lingered—hesitated—and even put his hand on the latchet, half resolved to creep once more to his little bed-room. But at that moment the low call of Thornton, at some distance reached his ear—he had lingered longer than he was aware, and now the moment arrived when he must go if at all. With a sort of desperation of feeling, he hastened away, the tears trickling down his cheeks as he bade adieu to the humble cottage which contained all he loved on earth. His bundle was still under his arm, and in that bundle I am glad to say was a "mother's gift"—the pocket Bible. Charles felt he could not go without that, and perhaps he felt that the discovery that he had taken it, might serve somewhat to assuage a mother's sorrow.

Before morning, the young sailors were a long way towards the seaport whence they expected to sail, and



a couple of days brought them quite there. The ship, it so happened, was ready, and Charles having been accepted on the recommendation of Thornton, took up his line of duty before the mast. Shortly after, the ship weighed anchor, and stretched forth on a far distant voyage.

I must leave my readers to imagine, if they are able, the surprise and even consternation of Mrs. Grant and Alice, the morning following Charles' departure, at not finding him in the house, nor about the premises. What could it mean? at what hour did he leave? what accident could have befallen him?

Search was made for him by the increasingly anxious and terrified mother and sister for an hour or more before they ventured to make known their solicitude to their neighbors. My own residence was not far distant; and before I had finished my breakfast, a messenger in haste made known the truly distressing situation of Mrs. Grant and Alice. I hastened to the house—other friends at no distant hour were there—inquiries were instituted—messengers were dispatched around the town, and even conjecture was baffled. At length, however, Mrs. Grant made the discovery that his better suit was gone, and there was a transient gleam of joy on her face as she announced that his pocket Bible was also not in his chest. Some days passed—long days, and long gloomy nights, before any satisfactory intelligence was received, and then the amount of that intelligence was in a short but affectionate letter from Charles himself, just then on the eve of sailing for the Pacific ocean. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR MOTHER:—Can you, will you, forgive me the step I have taken without your knowledge or consent? My heart has smote me every hour since I left you. I am at —, and on board the ship — which sails in an hour for the Pacific ocean. Fondest best of mothers, do not grieve; I will one day return to bless and comfort you and my dear Alice. I must do something for you and her. Kiss her for me. Mother, I can write no more, only I hope I shall have your prayers. I have got my pocket Bible, and shall keep it next to my heart. Farewell.

Your affectionate son.

P. S. I have somewhere read what I am sure will prove true in my case:

"Where'er I roam—whatever realms I see,  
My heart untrammelled, fondly turns to thee."

By some means the letter did not reach the Post Office as soon as it should have done, and the uncertainty bore heavily on the hearts of the mother and sister. The postmaster, on its arrival, kindly sent it to me: and hoping it contained tidings of the lost child, I ventured to break the seal. The truth—sorrowful as it was—was a great relief, and was felt to be so by Mrs. Grant and Alice. Yet for a season—and who can marvel?—their hearts were filled with sadness which scarcely admitted of alleviation—it was a dark and mysterious providence, and when friends called in as they often did, to mingle their tears with the weeping, and to administer consolation, the most they could do was to say "his ways are in the sea, and his judgments past finding out."

But time does something—religion does more. By degrees these sorrowing ones were able to pray, and as the Christian poet says, "prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw."

So it did for them. They did not indeed, recover their wonted cheerfulness, but they were calm and subdued. No murmur escaped the mother's lips, and even Alice seemed to have imbibed the spirit of a holy resignation: "Father thy will be done."

But there were days of keen and bitter anguish, and in those nights, when the storm swept its angry blast across their humble dwelling, and rocked their bed, it was impossible for a mother's heart not to tremble for her sailor boy, far off upon the stormy ocean, and perhaps suffering the perils of the billowy tempest. But even at such times she was enabled to commit herself and her wandering child to the care of a covenant-keeping God—uttering the language of holy confidence—"His faithfulness is as the everlasting mountains." "Though he slay me, yet I will trust in Him."

To be Continued.

#### Judging from Appearances.

A good story is told by a Yankee editor, in illustration of the folly of judging from appearances. A person dressed in a suit of home-spun clothes, stepped into a house in Boston on some business, where several ladies were assembled in an inner room. One of the company remarked in a low tone that a countryman was in waiting, and agreed to make some fun. The following dialogue ensued:

"You're from the country, I suppose."

"Yes, I'm from the country."

"Well, sir, what do you think of the city?"

"It's got a tarnal sight of houses in it."

"I expect there are a great many ladies where you came from."

"O, yes, a wondrous sight; jist for all the world like them," pointing to the ladies.

"And you are quite a beau among them, no doubt."

"Yes, I beaus 'em to meetin', and about."

"May be the gentleman will take a glass of wine," said one of the company

"Thankee; don't care if I do."

"But you must drink a toast."

"I eats toast, what aunt Debby makes, but as to drinkin', I never see'd the like."

What was the surprise of the company to hear the stranger speak clearly as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every other blessing the earth can afford; and I advise you to bear in mind, that we are often deceived by appearances."

"You mistook me, by my dress, for a country booby; I, from the same cause, thought these men were gentlemen. The deception was mutual. I wish you a good evening."—Portland Tribune.

## Instrumental and Vocal.

For the Journal of Music.

### Organs and Organists.

Much has been said about the use and abuse of this noble instrument, with but very little effect on the public mind; the community in general, however well pleased they may be with a good instrument and good playing, have concerned themselves but slightly to secure either one or the other; the consequence invariably is that the most devotional part of our church exercises is either wretchedly performed or absolutely murdered, and an incorrect taste is generated or an unnatural dislike to all sorts of musical sounds. The empiricism of the age has become so contagious that mere tyros in musical science with more confidence than skill having assumed the dignified title of professor, presume to demand the support and countenance which belongs only to proficient. The existence of this evil is perhaps no more than might be expected from the present state of the times, and if left to itself would probably work out its own cure, but meanwhile science must suffer, and inaccuracies and errors be tolerated, which a rigid adherence to established rules would never allow. The object of the following remarks is therefore to awaken attention to this subject and if possible to do away with so much mere pretension unsupported by actual information. And in the first place no instrument should be allowed in church except the organ. The sacred character of the place is infringed upon by the introduction of any other, and when means will not allow better none than another. The facility for obtaining a good organ is now so great and the expense comparatively so small that no excuse can be offered for neglecting to obtain one except a lamentable want of taste; for cities and large towns an instrument of from twenty-five to thirty stops will answer all the purposes of devotion and in more sparsely inhabited portions of the country even ten stops may be sufficient. In public halls and concert rooms a larger instrument is of course requisite. There are at present in Boston and the vicinity four or five church organ manufactories which have as much business as can be attended to during the greater part of the year, a fact which we consider as a proof of an improvement in the public taste. Could an American audience witness the effect of the stupendous Haerlem organ when three thousand voices sometimes unite with the sublime harmony of this majestic instrument and burst forth like "the voice of many waters," perhaps less objection would be made to their introduction into our churches. It is a matter of regret that men of religious principles and good taste should not make it a part of their duty to examine into claims the organ has to a place in public worship, and entirely abolish that bigoted hostility which our forefathers imbibed from England, and which too many of their descendants still cherish. Man never made an instrument which can claim equal power of exciting and arresting the feelings; and this fact is well understood in Catholic countries, and in the solemn grandeur of their powerful organs they find their most effective auxiliary, so that the very idea of a cathedral without an organ is preposterous in the extreme. Let us hope that these powerful aids to worship will soon become as numerous with us as in European countries.

The art of playing on organs well, is again one of some difficulty and one too little appreciated by the American community. The performer must possess besides the free articulation of the fingers, considerable strength to overcome the resistance of the keys, and great suppleness of joints to enable him to play the pedals with ease and readiness, must know how to use the various key boards, when to unite and separate them and pass from one to another without any interruption to the performance, and in addition to all this be perfectly acquainted with the various stops and the numerous combination of them, and finally be enabled to extemporize voluntaries and preludes with correctness and effect, and be sufficiently acquainted with the mechanical construction of his instrument to promptly remedy any mishap or accident whatever.

Such being the indispensable requisites for a good organist, it is not wonderful that so few rise above mediocrity, and indeed that so few attain even to that. An organist is seldom more than half paid for the time and exertion he expends to attain excellence upon his instrument, and consequently very few are induced to study music scientifically. There is a very common

notion that though the other professions should be well paid, music ought to cost nothing, and therefore, though a man may spend years to obtain the necessary information and skill for organ playing, a salary of \$200 or \$300 is abundant remuneration for his services. Hence persons who are but just beginning the study of music are often engaged to occupy positions which none but old practitioners ought to fill, and what should be discountenanced altogether, females are frequently engaged to act in this capacity, either because they will play cheaper or because want of encouragement will suffer no male to undertake it. This ought not to be. The organ was never intended for females, it is much too conspicuous a position for any lady to hold, and moreover there are physical difficulties to overcome, which will prevent their ever obtaining a perfect command of the instrument. No woman with very few exceptions ever became even a passable performer upon the organ, and this fact alone ought to discourage exertion which will ultimately prove useless.

### Voicing the Pipes.

Among organ builders, voicing the pipes is an operation well understood. If any pipe is too loud for the rest of its fellows, it must be softened: if it speaks too moderately, it must be augmented in volume. If its tone is too harsh or too feeble, too close or too open, still the workman casts about him for a remedy; and he will sooner throw the pipe away than suffer it to remain where it would not perform its office in a proper manner. It is not enough that the pipes are put in tune. They must be made to speak with ease and propriety; to speak contemporaneously. Great varieties of tone are indeed required: but there must be an exact classification, and each variety must be put by itself. The open diapason, for instance, must be separated from the stop-diapason; the dulciana from the flute, the principal from the trumpet; and the various classes must be furnished with specific machinery, so as to be acted upon at the pleasure of the performer. The latter it is true, may combine these different classes to any extent he chooses, and even use them all at the same given moment, if the occasion demands. Nevertheless, the process of voicing loses nothing of its importance from this consideration; and the instrument owes to it, most of its richness and variety of harmonic power. Shall such pains be taken with insensible wood, and silver, and brass, and lead, and next to none with the living subjects who are to sing with heart and mind, the sweet themes of the gospel of salvation? The human voice is susceptible of endless varieties, and nothing of man's invention is to be compared with it, in regard to its susceptibilities of cultivation.

Voicing the pipes in an organ is a trade by itself, which requires much practical skill and discrimination. The art of voicing, with respect to the human subject, should seem to require equal skill and delicacy. True, in the latter case nature has given us more flexible materials, than in the former: but then there is another circumstance which more than counterbalances this advantage. If pipes are themselves inactive except at the touch of the player; they are at least quite passive about the circumstance of being voiced. The builder may operate on them as long as he pleases without exciting their impatience. Not so with the pupils of the vocalist: they are very restive under this species of discipline; and great address is required, in the teacher, to secure their patient attention. This fact however will not excuse him in the neglect of his duty. Imagine before you a choir of from fifty to a hundred members, who have had but little cultivation. If they were so many separate pipes of an organ, we should say of one that it was too loud, of another, that it was too feeble, of a third, that it was too open, of a fourth, that it was too close for nasal, of a fifth, that it was cracked, &c., while here and there we should find one so incorrigible as necessarily to be thrown aside. And then there would be one description of voices resembling the diapason, another resembling the flute, a third resembling the reed, &c., which should be separated and classified. Here comes the rub. If the several pipes of an organ were to be vain of their own powers, jealous of their privileges, tenacious of their position, quality and powers: if they were to set up for separate interests: and especially if each one were ready to wince at every touch, and cry out against the builder, as if he were committing an assault and battery upon them—it is easy to see, that in such a case his work would never be accomplished. The instrument would of course be ruined.

A choir of singers under the direction of a skilful, judicious, good-tempered, courteous teacher, should assume the docility of little children. Those who are to lead in the praises of God should learn to be humble, meek, affectionate, and diligent in their attention to points of discipline, moral, physical, and scientific. How much this would lessen the task of a teacher. No one should set up for the highest place. All should be passive with regard to the will of the teacher; yet active in reference to the work of cultivation. The teacher should be allowed to seat them as often as he finds it necessary,—and do any thing that may further the progress of improvement. If there is here and



there a voice decidedly bad, that will not be improved, let it be put aside among the congregation without any words or feelings on the occasion. If singers would only feel right and act under the genuine influence of Christian principle, all this and much more might be done. We trust that such a spirit is beginning to prevail: and we anticipate from it, the happiest results.

We once knew a choir which seemed fully to answer this description. Most of them were professors of religion. They would meet for improvement, through a religious sense of obligation. Amusement, and tasteful gratification, were subordinate considerations. One prominent feeling seemed to animate the members, that of qualifying themselves to sing to real edification, the praises of the living God. They were of one mind, united, affectionate to each other and to their occasional teacher. The latter could easily effect any reasonable measure or do any proper thing at any time on the spur of the moment. All were anxious to make improvement; and desirous to avail themselves of individual criticism. The rapidity of their progress is easily imagined. Their religious enjoyment was more than we shall undertake to describe.

The subject here brought forward is earnestly recommended to the public attention; and we hope that teachers and choirs will lay it to heart. Industrious, individual cultivation under the full and proper influence of religious considerations. This is the thing required.

But there is still before us another point of illustration. There is a great difference in the skill of workmen. Some for instance, will give the nasal quality to the pipes, and others will make them real screamers. There is in this respect all the difference that can be imagined. The best workmen should therefore be procured. Poor ones may be hired at a cheaper rate, but what will be the character of their work? So the vocalist who attempts to teach the art to others, should be himself a man of skill. At present there is a great want of such men; and if they were to be found, the churches, perhaps, would be but ill prepared to sustain them. But the importance of this subject demands that some sacrifice should be made; and we hope that our young brethren will seek and acquire in time, the needed information.

If we were to be allowed to speak yet more freely, we should animadvert upon two very prominent extremes, which are about equally distant from the proper medium. An eastern class of teachers, not the best of their order, come among us with a tone which has too much resemblance to the howling of wild animals, for any specific purposes of expression. A western class on the contrary, with closed teeth and shut mouth, afflict us continually with the idea of an apoplexy of the nose. These are more intolerable than either the rough German guttural or the rude Italian scream.—So far as church music is concerned, there should be a constant reference to common sense principles. A sober medium should be industriously preserved.

HASTINGS.

#### Vocal Execution.

In pursuing this subject in the preceding volume, we have taken up, in their regular order, the fundamental properties of style, giving to each as far as we have gone, that measure of attention which was consistent with the limits assigned us, by the character of our publication.

The properties enumerated were six in number:—*Tone, Intonation, Time, Articulation, Accent and Emphasis, and Expression.*

Under the head of *Tone*, we considered the formation of the voice, in regard to sounds in the abstract, without reference to musical scales; pointing out the various beauties, and defects, with the leading details of cultivation. Under the head of *Intonation*, we considered the voice in reference to musical scales; showing that it is never in this respect, governed by an instinct of nature as many seem to suppose, but always by imitation, habit, instruction and experience; and that early tuition therefore would suffice to enable all, the deaf and dumb excepted, to sing with more or less accuracy, the plainest and most familiar specimens of music. And from this statement, we inferred the great importance of juvenile instruction. Our remarks under the head of *time*, were more limited, though somewhat of an analogous character; embracing the importance of this requisite, and glancing at the prevailing differences, and methods of cultivation. Further details, relating to this topic will naturally present themselves under the head of practical instruction.

The importance of *Articulation*, was argued from the fact that the words in devotional music, are the constituted basis of song and means of edification.—The powers of voice were here examined in reference to the simplest element of language, vowels, diphthongs, semi-vowels, mutes, aspirates, sibilants, syllables, and words. Errors were pointed out, and obvious methods of improvement proposed. There is no sufficient apology for the popular errors on this subject. The nature of the art itself, furnishes not the least excuse for the vocalist who continues to address the congregation in an unknown tongue. Even the bias of a wrong habit may be removed by an appropriate effort.

*Accent and Emphasis*, so important to the simple

purposes of melody, harmony and rhythm, were shown to be quite indispensable in reference to the claims of vocal enunciation. The latter, without these requisites, would present nothing but dull successions of unmeaning syllables. Musical accent and emphasis, are to be greatly modified by the claims of language in this point of view—a principle fundamentally important, and yet extensively misunderstood and disregarded.

The preceding five general heads, embrace, as was observed, what is usually comprehended under the terms *correct execution*. Discipline of the voice in regard to the special qualities, and in reference to scales, to time, and to verbal utterance, may result in forming a polished style of vocal execution; and this of course is a work which requires time and labor; especially so in the case of adult pupils whose previous habits have been of the most unfortunate character, and where, perhaps, there is but little disposition to personal effort. The voices of children and youth are more easily formed: another important argument for juvenile cultivation.

But mere accuracy of execution, embracing a polished style of vocal utterance, is by no means all that is required in devotional singing. The vocalist must have a style which is impassioned, and truly impressive. This was shown from the acknowledged principles of music, compared with those which prevail in literature and the arts; and from the nature and importance of the themes of song, as the divinely constituted basis of spiritual edification. This topic of discussion disposed of, the way was prepared for a somewhat extended examination of what is termed *musical expression*, which as the crowning excellence of song, was the last of the six fundamental properties enumerated under the general head of vocal execution. This topic is not yet fully discussed and we propose to give it in the present volume all that measure of attention which it may yet seem to demand.

The preceding brief recapitulation seemed indispensable as the basis of remarks which are to follow in the present volume. Those, however, who have yet to learn the full importance of these topics, might do well to furnish themselves with the first volume of this work, a few copies of which still remain for sale at the publishers. Occasional reference will continue to be made to those topics, as new materials come before us, in the course of our editorial labors. Every vocalist ought to be familiar with all the fundamental principles of his art. Teachers should not themselves be ignorant of what they ought to communicate to others; if they desire to be useful in their employment, they must not content themselves with superficial acquirements.

To resume the subject of expression: after some extended observations of a preliminary nature, we instituted the threefold inquiry—What is musical expression? how is it to be acquired? and how inculcated? In relation to the first of these points, expression was found to be in general any union of musical properties with mental thoughts and emotions, which under ordinary circumstances produces legitimate impressions, both upon the vocalist and his hearers.—This is in some respects an enlarged definition, and in others a confined one: enlarged in that, it embraces the whole catalogue of musical properties, and confined, inasmuch as it excludes a multitude of accidental or irrelevant associations and feelings which are commonly mistaken for genuine sentimentality, or true devotion of heart.

Music must not only interest us, it must affect us in a proper manner. The music of the imagination in order to be truly expressive, must excite in our minds, the same mental creations, (if we be allowed the expression,) that exist in the mind of the composer; while the music of the heart must bring its influence to bear upon the direct principles of spiritual edification. The Christian worshipper is not to be led away by the mere associations of tastefulness, the creations of fancy, or the fictions of the imagination. As in prayer, in reading of the scriptures, and in listening to the pulpit orator, his thoughts are to be called home, and kept from wandering, and his emotions and affections enlisted in the great themes of the gospel; so in devotional singing, the music under the divine blessing, must be made to impress upon the mind and heart of the worshipper the precise thoughts and feelings which are suggested to the pious mind, by the words which contain the themes of song. The music of the church, therefore, like the eloquence of the pulpit, must be simple, chaste, dignified, and animated, if we desire it to be expressive, or truly edifying to the Christian hearer.

In the eleventh number of the preceding volume, we considered the powers of emphasis under the influence of kindling emotion, as constituting in the well trained vocalist, the true basis of expression. The principal forms of the emphasis, adapted to the different passions and emotions, were there explained and illustrated. Their importance is altogether fundamental. In the twelfth number we spoke of *loudness and softness, crescendo and diminuendo*, as other properties

\*We beg leave, also, to refer the reader to "Dissertation on Musical Taste," and to remarks at the close of "Musica Sacra."

which have, under the right management, great influence in producing musical expression. This topic is scarcely less important than the preceding one; especially as there is much mismanagement among musicians, respecting it. To become alternately loud and soft, to be increasing and diminishing the tone in a mechanical way, is by no means the way of enforcing just sentiments. The same principle prevails here, which is to regulate the *emphasis* of a vocalist or orator. But, not to spend further time in recapitulation, we proceed to speak of other properties which remain to be considered.

II. Of variation in time. We do not here allude to the general character which is given to uniform movements, whether slow or rapid; nor to the unintentional aberrations from strict time, which detract so much from the interest of ordinary performances. Surely the latter are distressing enough, without receiving the sanction of the musical theorist. Yet occasional variations made so as to appear intentional, are of great use amid changes of sentiment, which occur in a psalm or hymn. In one stanza, perhaps, we are furnished with spirited narration or description, which, as the thoughts must be taken in their proper connection, require an accelerated movement. In another stanza, we are presented with some weighty considerations, or principles, or motives, which holding the mind in the attitude of leisurely contemplation, require the movement to be retarded. The well known hymn beginning:

"Salvation! O the joyful sound,"

furnishes a striking example in point. The second stanza forms a perfect contrast with the first and third; and every good reader makes not only a marked difference in the emphasis and in the volume of his tone, while reading them; but in the second stanza, he reads much slower than in the first or third. The vocalist should pursue a similar course; and to this end, he should in his adaptation of the music, select some tune which like Barby, or St. Ann's, can be sung with varied expression. The first stanza should be sung in a vigorous, lively, and spirited manner, with the joyous emphasis, somewhat varied in its intensity; the first and second lines being also louder than the third and fourth. The second stanza:

"Bury'd in sorrow and in sin  
At hell's dark door we lay," &c.,

requires a very slow movement with the pathetic emphasis, in a subdued undertone, till the third line occurs,

"But we arise by grace divine,"

when the voice by degrees, increases its volume, and modifies the emphasis. But the third stanza requires a sudden change in the movement, tone, and emphasis, all in the style of joyous exultation, increasing in vigor till the end. The hymn, as thus explained, embraces two distinct changes of time, the necessity of which, is so perfectly obvious, that a good vocalist would observe them almost with the certainty of instinct.—Some persons, however, would make four changes instead of two, corresponding with the varieties of sentiment embraced in each of the first two stanzas; and in the last stanza would gradually accelerate the time of the movement. To do all this requires much skill, lest the performance should appear too irregular, or too mechanically artificial, for the purposes of devotional expression.

Yet there are stanzas occasionally to be met with, and perhaps separate lines, which require changes of time. Take the following as examples:

"Perpetual mercies from above  
Encompass me around:  
But Oh, how few returns of love,  
Hath my Creator found."

"My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,  
Then burst the chains in sweet surprise  
And in my Saviour's image rise."

Singers will differ somewhat in their practice, relative to such examples as these: but changes of time, of some sort, are plainly indicated by the sense; and good vocalists will not fail to observe them. Meanwhile, the general regularity of the movement must not be too much interrupted by such changes as we have contemplated. See the remarks in our last number under the head of *METRONOME*.

#### SOLMISATION.

By the term Solmisation is understood the systematic application of arbitrary syllables to the musical scales. In instrumental music the syllables *do, re, mi, &c.*, are by one class of musicians used merely to designate the lines and spaces of the staff. Thus employed they are substitutes for the first seven letters of the alphabet. An eminent English theorist uses the same syllables to designate every where, the diatonic scales major and minor; printing the syllables in the one case in English letters, in the other in Italics. One class of teachers use *ut*, instead of *do*; another use four syllables only, *fa, sol, la, mi*; another use the numbers 1, 2, 3, &c.; another the vowels. There are still other methods in use, which it is perhaps unnecessary to mention. The object in most cases is to establish a



mental association between certain arbitrary names and musical sounds; so that a given name will uniformly bring to mind a certain note of the scale.

The utility of solmisation has been questioned by some; and if the vocalist could always have an accompanying instrument at hand the necessity of arbitrary syllables would be superseded. But as no vocalist can carry an organ, or piano-forte, or violin in his pocket, he ought to have some practical system of solmisation at hand as a sort of substitute. The touches of the instrumental executant uniformly bring to the ear corresponding sounds, but without an instrument, the entrance into the mind of certain syllables presents to the imagination with equal uniformity, the same sounds relatively speaking, which the touches would produce on the instrument. The syllables do not indeed give the required pitch of the tune, yet they give the tune itself, with sufficient accuracy. Old Hundred, for instance, will be Old Hundred still, though given in a pitch which is too high or too low for convenience. The sounds relatively speaking will be the same. An instrument also, may be tuned higher or lower while the touches produce sounds in their accustomed relations.

The question is often asked among vocalists, what system of solmisation ought to be preferred. The mere instrumental executant will readily answer none. He feels not the need of any. The mere touches will answer his purpose. Syllables would only embarrass his attention. Solmisation to him, would be like fetters to the pedestrian. He forgets that the vocalist has no mechanical touches; and that arbitrary syllables systematically applied, are required to supply this deficiency. In this ignorance of this important principle he laughs at the fancied simplicity of the vocalist; and tries to dissuade him from his course. This mistake has led multitudes to despise solmisation, as a thing suited only to the capacities of children; and we are here presented with one fruitful source of the general neglect of elementary instruction.

If the question as to systems of solmisation be referred to distinguished teachers of vocal music, each individual will have a preference for the system which he himself has reduced so long ago to practice, that it has become second nature to him. All other systems, except the one which he has adopted, appear inconvenient. Here and there one, by way of exception, exchanges an old system for a new one, that he may be thought to keep up with modern notions of improvement. Of course when his new system has been fully mastered and rendered familiar, he has achieved something worthy of notice. He sees wonderful advantages arising from it, and marvels at the stupidity of others who have not followed his example.

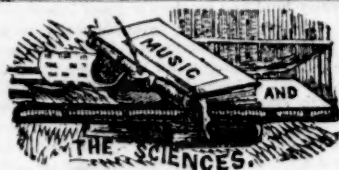
But the most intelligent theorists in our own and in foreign lands, are ready to admit that each of the existing systems has its special advantages, while they scarcely venture to give preference to any one in particular. All of the systems tend ultimately to the same result. In the early stages of progress seven syllables have no advantage over four: but as the pupil advances to specimens of difficult music where facilities are the most needed, the advantage is decidedly in favor of four syllables. This we think may be safely laid down as a general principle. The case may be different, where a pupil intends acquiring a thorough knowledge of the whole science; but in most cases, our own experience is in favor of four syllables in preference to seven. We do not lay much stress, however, upon the selection of a system. More depends upon the teacher. In the present state of the art we are willing that every teacher should take his own course. Let him follow it faithfully and leave others to do as they choose. The subject is not sufficiently important for protracted discussion. Whatever system is adopted, let it be adhered to; and industry and good feeling will in due time, secure the result.—Suffice it to say, that in times like the present, every teacher should acquaint himself with different systems, and so far master them as to be able to pursue any one of them at pleasure. Having made this attainment, he ought to be a modest man, and certainly he will be able to discover good reasons for the course we have now recommended.

A single point more, and we shall have done. It is urged by some as a matter of great consequence that there should be a uniformity of systems throughout the country. This thing will not be, at least, at the present crisis in musical affairs. Experiments must be further tried. The thing in itself would be convenient and desirable but the time has not come when such a measure can be carried with success. Still if any man thinks differently, or if any body of men choose to make such an experiment, we have nothing to say in opposition. If the experiment succeeds all will be well; if it fails, the efforts will perhaps be entitled to commendation.

Nor a Fiddle-de-de.—A celebrated violinist while strolling through the streets of New York, last week, espied in the window of a second-hand shop, a black looking fiddle, which he at once fancied was no common instrument. On inquiring the price he was told \$20, which he immediately paid. On showing it a few moments after to a dealer in instruments he was offered \$1.00 for it but refused, and is now happy in the possession of a violin of unparalleled sweetness in tone, worth at least

\$300. This, like true merit, often lies idle and useless till some appreciating hand brings it into life and notice.

## JOURNAL OF MUSIC.



### The Choral;

By B. F. BAKER and I. B. WOODBURN. Boston: Otis, Brothers, & Co.

From the rapid sale of the edition of the Musical Education Society's Collection of Church Music, by the above mentioned gentlemen, published a few years since, it appeared that there were instructors in Music, who did not suffer themselves to be biased by sectional prejudices, and sectarian feelings, but adopted the work from a conviction of its merits, although it did not emanate from the accustomed source of works of its kind, and was published without "the sanction" of that Institution, which some have been pleased to consider as the hearth of our Musical scholarship.

Although it may seem strange to some, to talk of sectional prejudices and sectarian feelings in connection with musical works, and musical education; yet the fact is too notorious to be disguised, that they not only exist, but also exercise a pernicious influence among us; and, while these miserable feelings are allowed to continue, we may rest assured, that the musical scholarship of our country will never attain to that degree of eminence, to which it is justly entitled. We have been constrained to speak thus plainly, knowing the peculiar circumstances under which the work was published, and, also, the baneful influence, which these prejudices and feelings, are but too well calculated to produce.

We were well pleased with the plan of the work, although it was entirely different from any similar work. With the exception of a few pieces it was made up of original matter—of matter never before published in this country. In the Choral we see that a very different plan has been pursued; we should judge from a hasty examination that more than one half of the music it contains, has been published before in the country, (and a good part of this consists of the old tunes, which, by some means or other have received the name of standard,—and which have been published and republished in nearly, if not quite all the works of Church Music, which have been issued from the American press. Why would not the plan be quite as feasible for the Editors of our Magazines, to republish continually the choicest pieces of our literature? If a person purchases a book treating of any department of science, he expects something new, not what he has seen and read many times. So with the musical man, he expects new musical ideas—new thoughts, and some distinguishing features. Again; why have our composers of the present day been so singularly set aside? Has our musical talent degenerated to such an alarming extent since the Education Society's Collection was issued?—since it was an avowed object at that time to encourage our own composers, evidently meaning the composers of the present day, as there were no pieces of the earlier American Masters, (as they have been styled in the present work) inserted. And we think that the metrical portion of the Education Society's Collection will be judged as far superior to the Choral, both in its style, its harmony and its arrangement. Among the Select Pieces, we notice an arrangement from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," one from Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," a solo and chorus, and a chorus from the same Mass, and a chorus by Pergolesi. This we are pleased to see, not only from the intrinsic worth of the pieces themselves, but as a means of elevating the public taste and of raising the standard of musical scholarship. Not agreeing with the Editor of a collection recently published, who says in his preface, that "he has kept constantly in view the actual circumstances of choirs in New England, and the state of the public taste in regard to Church Music." If nothing is ever presented to the public mind, of a higher order, than that, to which it is accustomed, from what source can it be expected to receive any improvement?

Our correspondent must not be partial to the Choral, but give us his opinion of the several other books which have lately been published.—E.

PHONOGRAPHY OF MUSIC.—In the present number will be found the first page of the Boston Numeral Harmony. We have also published some other music in the same style. We are obliged to our neighborly editors for the extravagant praises of this new system. Orders received at No. 8 Court Square. Direct to H. W. Day, Boston, Mass. We anticipate putting out one

other number of this work—a Numeral Phonographic Glee Book and a book for Common Schools. We most respectfully invite Teachers and chorists to introduce this work and give it a fair trial. It works in all places where we have heard from it to a charm.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—This popular and meritorious society gave one of their brilliant entertainments at the Tremont Temple, on Saturday evening. Notwithstanding a stormy and uncommonly disagreeable evening the walls of that elegant building resounded with the applause of a large and fashionable auditory. The chief star of attraction, was the first appearance in Boston of Miss Bramson, the greatest musical prodigy of the times. Her reception was warm and generous, and she played one of Thalberg's overtures in a brilliant manner. Mr. Kyle, a flutist of great merit, also gave much attraction to the entertainment. The other parts of the concert were such as is usually offered by the talent of the society, which is not surpassed by any this side of the continent. The Philharmonic may now be set down as Boston's favorite, and as such will receive the support and encouragement of her citizens.

Music in New York.—Notwithstanding the proverbially intemperate vauntings of the Gothamites in regard to their wonderful proficiency and advance of all other parts of the world in music, it is a curious fact that they have never brought out an Oratorio without the assistance of Bostonians. The busy din of preparation—the tickling and raising public expectation, comes easy and natural to them, but when the real work—the foundation of the structure—is at hand, off they go for Boston help. Well we can spare a few hands and voices to please and aid our neighbors, albeit they forget to give us credit for the same. The people of that city are certainly well aware of the effect a Mrs. Franklin, a Miss Stone or a score of others, give to any really great musical production, and show their perfect willingness, say nothing of necessity, to make them available.

A new Candidate for Public Favor.—Mrs. Valentine Mott, wife of the son of the celebrated Dr. Mott of New York, has given three concerts in Boston, since our last. The circumstances attending her appearance in public wear quite an air of interest and romance. Mott Jr. has always been allowed a certain weekly portion of his father's purse, but thinking the old gentleman's liberality did not advance with the expansive spirit of the times, demanded a larger stipend, which being not only peremptorily refused, but the old score denied altogether, he was suddenly thrown upon his wits and the world for means of a livelihood. Here was trouble—a decided fix. What was to be done? Thoughts of poverty and poor-houses ran distractedly through his brain. All at once, his wife, with that noble soul which woman brings out in times of need, made known her determination to appeal to the public in *propria persona*, and see if her sweet voice could not call up the sympathy and aid of the world. It was done. The New Yorkers generally responded to the call and gave that which the inexorable heart of the father steadily refused. The Bostonians gave her a welcome reception and put dollars in her purse and kind words and encouragement in her heart. Her voice reaches three octaves—from D in *alt.* to D in the middle of the bass staff—thus uniting the height of a soprano with the depth of a full contralto. With a little more confidence and practice of her *mezzo voce*, she will be quite unapproachable in this country.

CONTENTIBLE.—We are told that Mr. Mason previous to the recent election of city officers for the ensuing year—was very busy electioneering all round the city to get in a school committee that would re-elect him as master of music another year, that written circulars were sent—calling on all his friends to come forward to the polls. The regular Whig ticket was ingeniously counterfeited and scattered abroad—with the alteration of a few names on the school committee. The trick was not discovered by some until after they had voted; others saw the cheat and altered the names. Dr. Dale and Rev. Mr. Sargent, who were mainly instrumental in removing Mr. Mason were left off.—

He has however been defeated in the choice of Dr. Gordon, his main man. What the result will be, we are unable to tell. The city papers—even the Mercantile Journal condemn this maneuvering. It really seems to us that—that a man must be low in his own estimation, who being well known, dares not trust to the common course of events in relation to the valuation of his services, but starts a year before hand, taking Old Time by the fore-lock so as to turn the scale in his own favor—whether the people will or no. We shall be obliged to give our readers some of the city editorials on this subject. It is useless to try to prop up a crumbling fabric, specially where the masonry is quite out of date.

"THE MUSICAL REVIEW" is dead! We have written one notice of this paper which did not appear—as the paper was revived by galvanism and two more numbers put out, after the first. We are told that Mr. Mason subscribed for 30 copies (\$30) and his right hand man subscribed for 20 copies (\$20). Prospectuses with these names—and NUMBERS were left at the music stores—and were taken away as they were left. The Publisher, or printer remarked in substance that they (the Prospectuses) were too strongly tinged with the one-man-power, "and no body would subscribe." This shows pretty well the feeling of musical men in this city. The truth of the whole matter was, the paper (which would have contained one third less matter than the Journal of Music) was altogether too high—\$3 per annum. It was, moreover, likely to be a miserable tool of monopoly and Bostonians are well sick of this in musical matters. Though very good, it was not likely—from the appearance of one or two numbers to be any thing remarkable—no music—all letter press matter—16 octavo pages per number twice a month. Our friend Baker who was so active in starting it, got a pretty good pill in the severe criticism on his book, "the Choral." He repaid the favors we have shown him in this paper by starting—or trying to get up an other paper—the editor of which has slain him at his feet. So much for giving up an old friend for one untied. We cannot help laughing a little in our sleeves. The editor was also a little bombastic in representing himself as able to get up a paper superior to his predecessors or contemporaries—so we thought we would let him alone try his skill; otherwise had it come out independent and unassuming—it would have given us great pleasure to have lent a helping hand.

This is the third musical paper which has come up and gone down in a night. Two of them commenced battle with the Musical Visitor, which still lives with as much encouragement as ever and is increasing slowly. Let every man who is a friend to honorable emulation, come forward to our help. Stand by us, and we will put monopoly DOWN and music UP.

[From the Boston Morning Post.]

Outrage.—The New York Evening Gazette speaks of Boston—this city—Athens, the literary emporium—as "a place where they are ridden to death by Lowell Mason, a man who published the Creation with the tenor part written on the bass clef—the notes all hanging by their heads as high as Haman above the stage." Others may put up with this if they please; but for our part, "we do know our course."

The Post is not any more independent in relation to the overbearing policy and monopolization of Mr. Mason, than nearly all the city papers. We know of but one "otherwise minded" (Mercantile Journal) and his faith we presume is shaken.

"Observer" and the Oberlin Evangelist will have a plenty to do in getting the "Religious Press" in array against the current of the previously gulled—now corrected public opinion. The Evangelist we must think is too conscientious to contend against the light of truth.

The overture to Alessandro Stradella, recently performed by the Boston Academy appears to be a universal favorite with our concert-going community. It certainly surpasses all the previous overtures of the Academy, both in richness and variety. We see by the journals that the above mentioned opera meets with little success. If the opera is equal to the overture we are at a loss to account for it.

We would suggest to the government of the Academy the plan of commencing their concerts with an introductory on the organ. This we think would suit many of their subscribers; we are sure that it would one.

We learn that the Hon. Edward Everett has accepted the office of President of Harvard University. We think that this appointment will be satisfactory to the numerous friends of this venerable Institution.

Leopold de Meyer the celebrated pianist has given one concert with very little success. Another is advertised. Our community will not pay a dollar for a concert ticket. It is a demand too exorbitant to meet with universal favor.

#### CAUTION.

The present, and all other numbers of the Journal of Music will be duly entered as copy right matter, according to act of Congress. (See first page.) Various persons have heretofore made a liberal use of our music without even so much as giving credit or returning a single thank. This will enable us to publish much other valuable matter through this medium under the protecting hand of the law. Our readers will be the gainers.

Several articles in this number from the pen of Mr. Hastings.

De Meyer having entirely recovered from the never-to-be-forgotten injury of "spraining the inner muscle of the outer process of the fourth finger" is soon to astonish the Bostonians with a display of his great musical powers.—The public will please step aside and let the pink of royal praise and patronage pass.

What a Fall.—Russell—he of Musical fame—now advertises himself in Great Britain as the Great American Vocalist, and is actually singing such puerile songs as—Dance the Boatman, Dance, Jim a long Josey, Old Dan Tucker, and a host of others only meddled with by the very lowest characters in the community. A man who can have the hardhood to go among respectable people and sing this sickening balderdash, and call himself an American; too, can care little for music and less for morals.

Musical Tomfoolery.—There is a body of men in New York pretending to acknowledge and proficiency in music beyond all account, who take upon themselves the privilege of condemning or approving everything relating to music and musicians. If a candidate for public favor is unfortunate enough to incur the ill-will of this clique, he or she is forthwith denounced as a tissue of presumption or ignorance. It is said that this system is practiced to so great an extent that real talent has no chance of success; on its own solid merits, while sham talent, if under the clique auspices, is lauded to the skies and meets with the most unbounded favor.

A Youthful Prodigy, in the person of Miss Bramson the pianist, only ten years of age, will appear before a Boston audience in the course of ten or twelve days. The laurels she has won in New York, her native place, would indeed be flattering to a professor of maturer years.

The quondam Master Burke, who once set our people into a furor of enthusiasm, is about to visit Boston and see if the old fire can again be kindled. He comes fresh from the skill and instructions of De Bevoit, and intends to show that Ole Bull is not the only man that can "squeak the cat-gut."

The Swiss Bell Ringers were at Louisville a few days since, en route for Mexico.

Harmonicon Family.—These happy singers were giving concerts with great success at Springfield, at our last advices.

A New Hutchinson Family.—We learn that Caleb and Jonathan Hutchinson, with their sister Rhoda, and a young man named Charles Buxton, will commence a series of concerts in New Hampshire. This will make another "nest of brothers with a sister in it," and we wish them success.

The Handel and Haydn Society are now rehearsing "Moses in Egypt," by Rosini.

Polk's Message.—President Polk's Message is a terribly imposing document—in length. He raps the yellow heads of the Mexicans pretty smartly; lectures a column or two on the rogue-land, Texas; is decided and almost blustering on Oregon; thinks the Tariff needs stringent modifications; is n't sure that the reduced postage system is "the thing"; in short says a great many things in a great deal of space.

The friends of Mr. Gough, will be glad to learn that he has so far recovered, as to be able to speak occasionally in public. So eloquent an advocate to the noble cause of Temperance cannot be spared; and we are heartily thankful that he is again able to do battle against the great enemy.

Mayor.—The citizens of Boston at last rejoice in the election of a Mayor. The fortunate some may think unfortunate gentleman, is Josiah Quincy Jr., whose father once added so much dignity and renown to the same office.

Goodrich's National Geography.—The world-renowned author of Parley's Tales has here produced a work worthy of his reputation. In typographical beauty, richness of illustration, and solid worth, we have not seen a book for many a day which gave us so much pleasure; and in the contents of which so much useful information is to be found.

COMMENTARY ON THEATRES.—In Canton (China) the theatre was lately burned and 1,250 lost their lives, 2,100 more were wounded, 400 coffins were purchased by the city authorities for the dead who were disowned. Robbers present were immediately engaged in wrenching off ear-rings, bracelets, anklets and ornaments. What a school of morals! The Fate, not to say Providence are against it.

The Burlington Musical Association (Ia.) hold regular meetings. What is the object? What music perform?

De Meyer has a first rate notice in the Boston Post. Digby says, "As the New Yorkers have exhausted their stock of hyperboles in speaking of that distinguished artist, allow me to give my opinion. It is this: What the Mastodon was among the quadrupeds and the Hydrarchus among reptiles, so is Leopold De Meyer among pianists."

#### Congress.

Since the last issue of our paper Congress has been together, and got into its regular organization. The President has delivered his message, the Senate and House have elected their speakers and the wheels of government are moving pretty smoothly. The various committees have been chosen and nothing remains but to go to work and do up the business on hand. IN THE SENATE a memorial has been presented from American citizens in Oregon praying for protection, &c. After much hot discussion Ritchie & Hoiss have been chosen printers, Mr. Dickens has been chosen Secretary of the Senate and Mr. Robert Beale Sergeant at Arms; also Mr. Holland Door Keeper. IN THE HOUSE a joint resolution to admit Texas into the Union has been submitted. J. Q. Adams presented a large petition against this measure, chiefly as a slave State. This is most of the business accomplished at the time of our going to press.

#### Foreign.

The Royal Steamship Acadia, Capt. Harrison, arrived at her wharf in East Boston Friday morning at 1 o'clock, having made her passage in 14 1-2 days. The news brought by her is neither exciting or interesting. The demand for American wool is steady, but complaints are loud of the negligent manner in which it has been prepared. The cotton market is dull and prices low. In the money market, though under a severe depression, a slight improvement is visible. The railway panic continues unabated. What the result of this iron mania will be, cannot of course, be told, but it is feared it will make many bankrupts. The English do not seem to be so ferocious and warlike in regard to Texas and Oregon as when last heard from. The only war will be that of the newspapers, which is the modern and better way of settling difficulties. In Germany great religious excitements are prevailing and many are coming to the United States in consequence. In Spain, Switzerland, Belgium and Russia matters are in statu quo. Nothing from India and China.

#### HISTORICAL NOTES—MUSIC IN FRANCE.

The songs most in vogue in the ninth century were sacred, and amatory. Melody at that time, seems to have been little more than plain chanting. The harp was reckoned the most majestic instrument, and is always, by romance writers, placed in the hands of heroes. Machaw an old poet who flourished in the fourteenth century, says it is a profanation to use this instrument in taverns, being only fit to be used by Knights and other persons of high distinction and birth, or by ladies with plump and delicate hands. The instruments which served as an accompaniment to the harp, was a viol, which was played with a bow, and must not be confounded with the *vielle*, called by the common people in England, the *hurdy gurdy*, and which produces tones by friction of a wheel. An antique basson was dug up some years ago near Scoissons, and on it represented a musician playing on a viol with a long bow. Abbe le Boef is of opinion that the workmanship of this basson was executed in the time of some of the best of the French Kings so early as 752 which makes the use of the bow in France of higher antiquity than in any other country.

Among the illuminations of a MS of the beginning of the fourteenth century of poems by the King of Navarre is the figure of a minstrel, sitting upon an elevated seat, and who seems playing to the King and Queen of Navarre. The ancient and respectable monuments upon which we find the viol represented, proves to have been long a favorite instrument in France, and that there is little doubt, but that minstrels were the best performers on the viol in the age they lived in.

#### MINSTRELS.

Minstrels of this kind abounded in the reign of Charlemagne, they sung those verses which were composed and set by the Troubadours to whom nature had denied a fine voice. Charlemagne speaks of the minstrels, however, as persons branded with infamy.—They continued notwithstanding to amuse the great in private, and the people in public, yet their licentiousness was frequently repressed and their conduct put under the regulation of a vigilant police. During the reign of Philip Augustus, the Troubadours and minstrels were involved in the same disgrace, and for a time banished the kingdom which left a lasting stigma on their order.





### New Items.

The new work recently published by Longfellow, is deservedly winning a high degree of popularity. No man writes sweeter poetry, or evinces a more exquisite taste in his selection than this gentleman.

There is a man in this city so short-sighted that he has to inquire the way to the end of his nose.

**Very Kind.**—The Sun advises people to leave their coats, hats, umbrellas, &c. in the outer entry, so that rogues will have but little trouble to obtain them. The man seems to understand how these things ought to be.

The American board of Foreign Missions, at a late meeting in Baltimore, unanimously voted to let the subject of Slavery alone.

England is making rapid strides to subjection in church and state to the Pope of Rome.

An Irishman always sets his price for carrying in a half ton of coal, which does not take over twenty minutes, at 50 cents and sometimes more; he does it at last for 17 cts.

"It is hard teaching old dogs new tricks." How true! Not one in fifty past the middle age of life will believe any thing which conflicts with previous notions and prejudices.

Seventeen days meeting in East Tennessee—one hundred converted.

**Yankee Enterprise in a new field.**—A man somewhere down east advertises for a partner to go into the 'Fossil Remains' manufactory. Wooden nutmegs, hickory ham, and paste-board cucumber seeds must now give up the race.

A city paper tells its readers that if they do not believe the mud and filth in a certain street creates a most intolerable stench they may go and smell for themselves. This is a great privilege, but we think the aforesaid readers will not care to improve it.

Young ladies should remember that it is the mind rather than the face, that gives beauty to the person.

Report says that the Odeon is to be used as a theatre after the present lease of the Academy expires.

**Hired Help.**—Girls in families get from \$1 to \$1 75 per week. Boys at the age of 12 years—or 14, are let by parents and board at home for \$1 50.

Park Benjamin Esq. is about to start a weekly literary paper in Baltimore, to be called 'THE WESTERN CONTINENT.' This gentleman has been the death of many a literary bantling and it is expected that he will meet with his usual success in this enterprise.

**Legal Decision.**—At a recent meeting of a Court "out west" it was decided that "a pretty young lady's face was not made to kiss." After this profound display of wisdom the court and jury adjourned to another room and indulged in a "stew." This is a great court.

**The Age we Live in.**—Bishop Doane describes the age we live in as: "An age of steam and stir and strife—an age whose rapid progress in all physical developments threatens to sensualize the soul—an age in which the work of generations is achieved in single days—an age of rapid gains and rapid losses—of change and change and change and change, contemptuous of precedents, and greedy only of the new."

It is remarkably unhealthy in Philadelphia at the present time. Last week 130 deaths took place. The small-pox is raging there to a frightful extent.

**More Poetry.**—The following is a gem from some unknown Homer:

It is "werry sweet;"  
the moon shines dimbly  
behind the chimney  
the cais is now a squallin'  
old bose in the yard  
is a tryin' hard  
on them for to be fallin'.

"Werry sweet," is n't it? This is emphatically the age of poetry.

"Don't give up the ship" has been altered by some red-nosed biped to "don't give up the *ship*." What a perversion of patriotism.

**A crooked name.**—A man down east has petitioned the Legislature to alter his name, giving as a reason "that he has several times fractured his jaw in trying to pronounce it." The "great men" ought to be obliged to wear it if they do not bear him.

Mr. Polk does n't altogether like the present Postage system. The people generally are pleased with it notwithstanding.

**An Oddity.**—The following colloquy took place in New York a few mornings since between a justice and an unmitigated loafer. "What's your name?" "Thomas I. Cann." "Where do you live?" "Where I can." "How do you live?" "How I can." "Very well," said the justice, "I can send you to Blackwell's Island, do you think you can live there, Thomas?" "I can for I've tried it," said the fellow, and he was led off.

One of Dr. Franklin's definitions of a christian was, 'a person who sprinkles the icy flagging in front of his premises, with ashes'; or in other words a person who sees that his sidewalks are free from ice. We wish every person might not only learn, but practice this definition of the practical philosopher.

**Umbrellas.**—The New York Atlas thinks any person is guilty of the most unpardonable extravagance, who purchases an umbrella. Certainly; as the world goes it is a species of insanity.

**A deed worthy of imitation.**—One hundred ladies in Washington have subscribed \$5 each, to be expended in purchasing wood to be distributed among the poor during the winter.

**The wit of a MAN.**—The Common School Journal fathers the following:—"When the seats in a school-house are so high that the children cannot reach the floor with their feet, and so narrow that they have to hold on with both hands, then the verb 'to sit' must be an active verb."

**Wordsworth.**—A great man is a great sight. So great was the curiosity to see Wordsworth, the poet, that on a journey in the Highlands, a gentleman of some note actually paid a handsome sum to the landlord of an inn where he stopped, to disguise himself and act as a waiter, in order that he might have a good opportunity of staring his fill at the great man.

**A Wholesale Business.**—It is estimated that 75,000 pumpkin pies were eaten in this city, Thanksgiving day.

A close observer of the fashion, says an exchange paper, remarks that "Ladies dresses are fuller behind than he ever saw them before."

**Murder every day.**—A publisher scolding his editor for not putting murders in his paper, "there are none to put in," said the editor, "I know better," replied the first, "in this free and independent country with nearly twenty millions of enlightened citizens, there must be a murder every day." "Set up three, John."

**Typographical.**—The marine announcement of a New York paper some time since was that sundry vessels were prevented from going to sea by frogs and clams.

**Time's Changes.**—Places, as well as men, come to base purposes in the course of human events. The room in the castle where Henry the Fifth, the hero of Agincourt was born, is now occupied by a sow and her numerous family. Kings as well as pigs have their ups and downs.

A patient on being told by his physician that he could save him a great deal of pain, by a certain course of treatment, replied that—he need n't trouble himself to save any pain as he had a sufficient supply already.

Money matters are in fine order—business is exceedingly good, and prosperity attends the various enterprises of the day, in our city. Now that we have elected a Mayor, we shall hope for still greater prosperity.

Dr. Davis of Indiana is speaker of the House of Representatives in Congress, having been elected to that honorable station by a handsome majority.

A College is about to be established in Texas, near Legine on the Gaudaloupe river. Success to it, for it is much needed.

A city paper says the 'Board of Aldermen' are coming to their milk. The aforesaid editor must have been 'on the track' to have discovered it.

**Good.**—The last news from England has lowered the price of flour. Speculators noses rest on their chins in consequence.

**Miss Delcy,** a lady possessing a splendid voice, is coming to Boston to delight the musical world.

The Mail has been giving its experience in raising potatoes. It has raised very few in a hill and these have been exceedingly small. There is a painful tendency in some editor's heads to produce ideas of the same dimensions.

**Millenism.**—This blighting delusion is still existing to a fearful extent, in some parts of New York state. In one village custom and propriety has been so violated as to call for the interference of the municipal authorities. The sorry victims went so far as to appear in the streets in a state of complete nudity.

A Boston Custom House officer and a Washington clerk have been brutalizing their natures, in the latter city, by a street fight. When will men despise such low acts?

**Love among the Thorns.**—The unmarried ladies of Weymouth having accused the young gentlemen of that town of a 'want of courage to enjoy wedded life,' were smartly told that 'their list of old maids shew a remarkable deficiency in power to gain the affections of the young men.' The matter was dropped.

### Notice.

Teachers of music, who wish to introduce the new system, or others who may want books may depend on a faithful attention to all orders by sending to the editor of this paper. By the expresses which leave this city, we can send books in every direction to be forwarded by stage, steamboat or otherwise to almost any part of the country. It is an astounding fact—that a person can learn to sing this way and acquire a good knowledge of the French language with the same or as much mental effort as he can learn to sing at sight in all the keys in the round notes. Let those who have time to waste, throw it away. With the blessing of Providence, the market shall be fully supplied with a plenty of all kinds of music in this type. Those who prefer to carry their corn in one end of the bag and the stone in the other because their Great-Grand-mother did—may. We go for improvement.

### Brighton Market—Dec. 15, 1845.

At Market: 575 Beef Cattle, 150 Stores, 4300 Sheep and 500 Swine.  
PRICES.—Beef Cattle.—Extra \$5 25; first quality \$4 75 a 5; 2d. \$4 25 a 4 50; 3d. \$3 50 a 4 25.  
Barrelling Cattle.—Mess. \$3 25; No. 1, \$2 75.  
Stores.—Yearlings \$5 a 7; 2 year old \$7 a 14; 3 year old \$15 a 25.  
Sheep.—Sales from 1 to \$2 25.  
Swine.—Large selected Barrows 4 1-4; Lots to peddle 3 1-8 a 3 1-4 cts. At retail from 3 to 5 c.

### New Musical Publications.

**NEW SABBATH SCHOOL BOOK.** The Sabbath School Harmony consisting of 160 Hymns set to appropriate music adapted to the wants of Sabbath Schools. Edited by L. B. WOODBURY. Published by Oils Broaders, & Co., 120 Washington Street.

**THE SINGERS FIRST BOOK,** by J. H. Bird. This is a little ninepenny affair, designed for very small scholars. It is a very small book.

**HOWE'S SCHOOL FOR THE VIOLIN,** Containing new and complete instructions for the Violin, with a large collection of favorite Marches, Quicksteps, Waltzes, Hornpipes, Contra Dances,

Songs, and six sets of Cotillions arranged with figures.—Containing over 150 pieces of music. By ELIAS HOWE, Jr., price 50 cts.

The title page of this Book, as above given, tells the story pretty well.—Contains 56 pages with all the necessary rudiments. The claim of the title page seem to be fully met in the contents of the book.—For sale at No. 7 Cornhill, Boston.

**NEW SONG.—The Wishing Gate.**—Poetry by Miss Landon;—Music by David Mayland Lothrop. Boston:—Published by Bradlee & Co. 184 Washington Street, key of G with piano forte accompaniment. A very chaste and beautiful song.

### Advertisements.

#### SAMUEL M. HOBBS, DENTIST.

30 SCHOOL STREET, CORNER OF PROVINCE,  
BOSTON.

Attends to all operations in his profession, such as plugging with Gold and Silver foil, setting beautiful Mineral teeth on pivot or Gold plate, polishing, extracting with patented instruments, destroying the nerves of aching teeth, &c. &c. in a manner and at prices that cannot fail to meet the approbation of the refined and economical.

**NEW MUSIC.**—A new Collection of Church Music, The Boston Sacred Harmony or New England Collection of Church Music, containing new, original, and select Hymn Tunes, Anthems, Motets, Sentences, Services, Chants, etc., etc., designed for the use of all religious denominations, adapted to every occasion of Public Worship or Private Devotion, and suitable for Singing Schools and Societies. Edited by T. Bissell, just published and for sale at Keith's Music Publishing House, 67 & 69 Court St. Boston Nov. 3, 1845. 15-4m.

**THANKSGIVING ANTHEMS.**—A good variety of New Anthems, composed expressly for the coming Thanksgiving, just published and for sale at Keith's Musical Publishing House, 67 & 69 Court St. Boston Nov. 3, 1845. 15-3L

**A CARD.**—Lessons given on the following branches of the science of Music, viz, Organ, Piano, Forte, Musical Composition, and the cultivation of the voice as taught in the most celebrated European schools of Music. Teachers from the country will be taught on the most reasonable terms. I. B. WOODBURY, No. 2, Odeon, Boston, Mass.

**PIANO FORTES** to let, by OLIVER DITSON, 135, Washington street.

**MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**—B. A. BURDITT, Composer and arranger of Military Music and Instructor of Military Bands.

**GLEES FOR THE MILLION.**—No. 2, just published.—Several pages have already appeared in this Journal. 24 pages of splendid Glees. For sale at our office and the Book and music stores.

**EDWARD HARPER, PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,** of Iron and Wood Frames, No. 84 Court street, Boston. Piano Fortes to let.

**T. GILBERT & CO., Piano Forte Manufacturer,** ers, at the old stand, 402 and 406 Washington street, Boston. T. GILBERT, original partner of Currier. H. SAFFORD.

**JAMES MANN, TAXIDERMIST, and Dealer in Foreign and Native Singing Birds,** No. 22 1-2 Water Street; (opposite the office of the Boston Post.) Boston. Birds, Quadrupeds, &c., preserved in a superior manner, in all their pristine beauty. Satisfaction warranted. American and European Singing Birds Cages, &c.

**SINGING BOOKS** of all kinds are furnished at the office of the Journal of Music, No. 8 Court Square, Boston, Mass. at the lowest prices!!

**SHEET MUSIC** and Piano Fortes constantly for sale by Oliver Ditson, 135 Washington street.

**1st PREMIUM DAGUERREOTYPES.** PLUMBES DAGUERRIAN GALLERIES OF PATENT PREMIUM COLORED PHOTOGRAPHS. No. 75 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

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Constituting the oldest and most extensive establishment of the kind in the world, and containing upwards of a thousand pictures. Admittance free.

☞ Likenesses are taken every day, without regard to weather.

Just published, and for sale as above, a spirited and most striking Lithograph of the Hon. T. Frelinghuysen, from a Photograph by Plumb.

Plumb's Premium Apparatus (being a decided improvement upon Prof. Petzval's German Cameras) and Right Plates, cases, Chemicals, &c., wholesale and retail.

### Music Notice.

#### B. A. BURDITT,

Composer and Arranger of Military Music, and Instructor of Military Bands,

No. 130 Cambridge Street.

☞ Music Arranged for Cotillions, Flute Clubs and small Orchestras at short notice.

#### PIANO FORTES TO LET

BY  
OLIVER DITSON,  
135 Washington st.

## PECULIARITIES OF THE NEW SYSTEM.

A single line is regarded as a staff. On two staves, Base and Treble, a compass of five scales may be written, thus:

Do re mi fa sol, &c. **Ascending.**

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

Do si la sol fa mi re do se, &c. **Descending.**

8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

When necessary an added staff above and below is used, which extends the compass to nine scales.

Various lengths are indicated as follows: Numerals sustaining the relation of whole notes, have a short dash after them, thus, 1- 2- 3- &c. Numerals sustaining the relation of half notes stand alone, thus: 1 2 3 &c. Quarter notes, or sounds one quarter the length of the whole note, are numerals with stems above or below, thus: 1 2 3 &c. Eighth relations are indicated thus: 1 2 3 &c. or 1 2 3 &c.

Sixteenth relations or notes have two hooks, thus: 1 2 3 &c. or 1 2 3 Thirty-second notes have three hooks. Sixty-fourth notes have four hooks.

In solfaing the numerals are called by the musical names, do, re, mi, &c., and not one two, three, &c., though there is no objection to this if teachers prefer it.

A medium dash after a numeral triples the length of the sound, thus: 1— is equal to 1 1 1

The long dash, thus, — lengthens the note indefinitely to suit the time. The Key or pitch of a tune is marked at the beginning, which is the sound of 1 (do). This does not require any different notation. Here is one of the great advantages of the system.

The dot after a note, and all other musical characters, are used in the same manner and for the same purpose as in the round notes system.

## I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

**Sopr. Key of G Major.**

1 1 1 2 3 2 1 1 2 1 7 1 2 3 3 3 3 2 1 5 4 3 2 1 2

I would not live al - way, I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm rises o'er the dark way;

**Alto.**

5 5 5 7 1 5 5 6 5 5 5 7 1 1 1 1 1 1 6 5 4 3 5

I would not live al - way, no, welcome the tomb; Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;

**Tenor.**

3 3 3 5 5 4 3 5 4 3 2 3 5 5 5 5 3 1 1 1 1 7

Who, who would live al - ways, a - way from his God; A - way from yon heaven, that bliss - ful a - bode,

**Bass.**

1 1 1 5 1 1 3 4 5 5 1 5 1 1 1 1 1 3 4 5 6 1 5

**Sopr.**

3 2 1 1 2 3 3 2 3 2 3 4 5 1 1 1 1 6 5 1 1 2 4 3 2 1

The few lu - cid mornings that dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

**Alto.**

5 6 5 7 1 1 7 1 5 6 6 7 5 5 6 6 4 3 3 5 7 2 1 5 5

There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me a - rise To hail him in triumph descend - ing the skies.

**Tenor.**

5 4 3 3 5 5 5 5 5 1 2 2 1 1 4 4 1 1 3 3 2 5 4 3

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glory e - ter - nal - ly reigns?

**Bass.**

5 1 1 5 1 1 5 1 7 6 6 5 3 3 4 4 4 1 1 1 5 5 5 1

## SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN, &amp;c. Sentence.

**Sopr. Key of G Major.**

1 1 1 3 3 3 3 2 3 4 5 5 4 3 2 2 2 2 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 2 1 1 1

Suffer, Suffer, Suffer little children to come unto me; Suffer, Suffer, Suffer little children to come unto

**Alto.**

5 5 5 1 1 1 1 5 1 1 3 3 2 1 7 7 7 7 1 1 1 1 1 1 5 6 6 6

Suffer, Suffer, Suffer little children to come unto me; Suffer, Suffer, Suffer little children to come unto

**Tenor.**

3 3 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 3 3 2 2 2 5 3 3 3

Suffer, Suffer, Suffer little children to come unto me; Suffer, Suffer, Suffer little children to come unto

**Bass.**

1 1

Suffer, Suffer, Suffer little children to come unto me; Suffer, Suffer, Suffer little children to come unto

**Sopr.**

2 2 2 1 2 3 4 5 5 5 5 4 5 3 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 3 1 1 1 1 3 4 2 1 7 1 1 1

me and for - bid them not, and forbid them not, For of such is the kingdom of heav'n; For of such is the kingdom of heav'n. A-men.

**Alto.**

7 7 7 1 5 1 1 1 1 7 5 7 5 5 5 5 5 7 7 7 1 5 5 5 5 6 6 5 5 5 6 5

me and for - bid them not, and forbid them not, For of such is the kingdom of heav'n; For of such is the kingdom of heav'n. A-men.

**Tenor.**

5 5 5 3 2 1 2 3 3 3 2 2 2 5 4 3 3 5 5 5 5 5 3 3 3 3 1 2 4 3 2 3 4 3

me and for - bid them not, and forbid them not, For of such is the kingdom of heav'n; For of such is the kingdom of heav'n. A-men.

**Bass.**

5 5 5 1 7 1 1 1 1 2 2 5 5 5 1 1 1 1 5 5 5 1 1 1 1 1 6 4 5 5 1 4 1

me and for - bid them not, and forbid them not, For of such is the kingdom of heav'n; For of such is the kingdom of heav'n. A-men.



# THE BOSTON NUMERAL HARMONY.

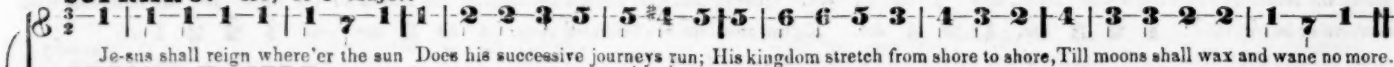
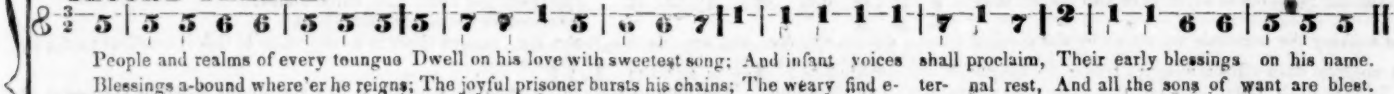
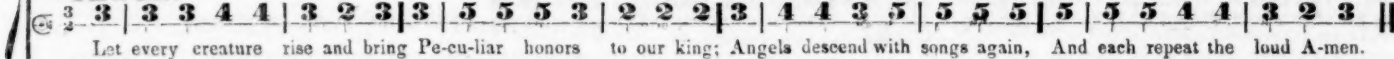
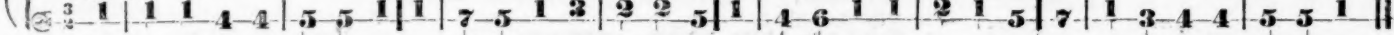
SELECTED, ARRANGED AND COMPOSED BY

**H. W. DAY, A. M.**

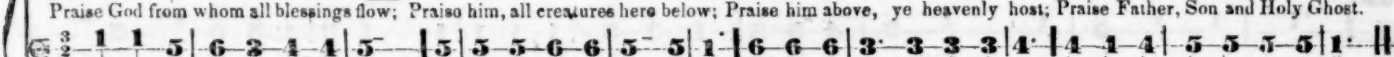
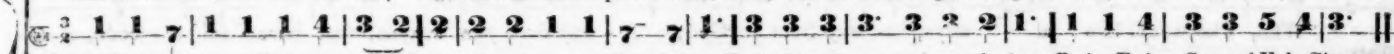
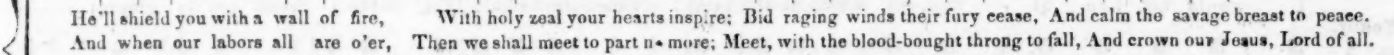
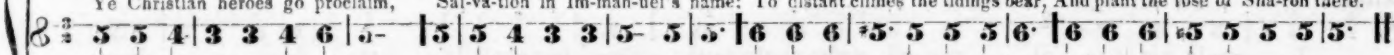
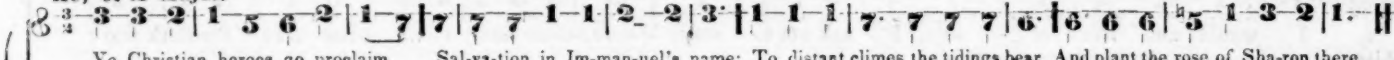
Author of The Vocal School, and Editor of the American Journal of Music.

**TAVOY, L. M.**

WOOD.

**SOPRANO. Key of F Major.****SECOND TREBLE.****TENOR.****BASS.****MISSIONARY CHANT, L. M.**

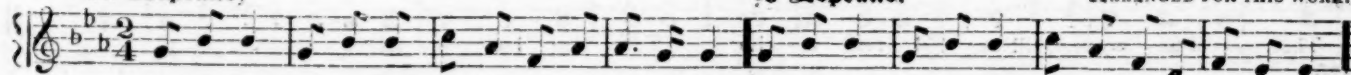
H. W. DAY.

**Key of A Major.**

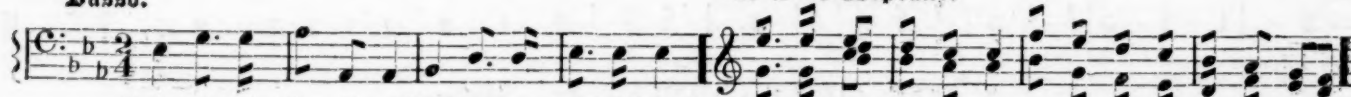
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**BROTHERS ROW WHILST THE GLOW.****1st. Soprano.****2d Soprano.**

ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK.



1. Day-light fades, Evening shades O'er the silent waters creep; Winds arise, And with sighs, Wake the stream from slumbers deep;
2. Eye has past, And at last, Round the darkening waters close, Yet one star, Shines a-far, Gild-ing ev'-ry wave that flows

**Basso.****1st & 2d Soprano.**

Swift o'er the Neva tides, Mark! how our vessel glides, O'er the curled waves she rides, Scattering pearl-drops from her sides, Soon shall the hau of night, Hang up her cres-cent light, Wild, yet with splendor bright, Chaseing ev'-ry gloom from sight,

